



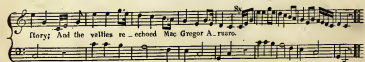
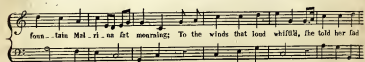
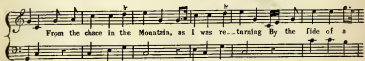
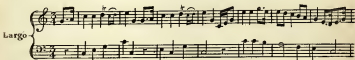
# MAC GREGOR ARUARO.)

## *A Favourite Old Scots Song*

### *Set for the Piano Forte. Voice or Guitar*

Price \_\_\_\_\_ 6<sup>d</sup>

Edin<sup>r</sup> Printed by J. WATLEN, 34 North Bridge Street, Where may be had, all the  
Scots Music &c. All kinds of Instruments Lent out & Sold, at the above Ware House.



## (2)

Like a flash of red lightning, o'er the heath came Macara,  
More fleet than the roe-buck on the lofty Beinn-lara.  
Oh where is MacGregor, say where does he hover,  
You son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover.

## (3)

Then the voice of soft sorrow, from his bosom thus sounded,  
Low lies your MacGregor, pale mangled and wounded.  
Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him,  
Where the fons of black malice to his foot have betray'd him.

## (4)

As the blast from the mountain foam nips the fresh blossom,  
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom.  
MacGregor! MacGregor! loud echoes resounded,  
And the hills rung in pity, MacGregor is wounded.

## (5)

Near the brook in the valley, the green turf did hide her,  
And they laid down MacGregor sound sleeping beside her,  
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander;  
Near the roaring loud waters their spirits oft wander.

For the German Flute.

